Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Moun. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the Law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an Intereſt in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exit

Enter Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee todoe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of loue to blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe maiden-heads
Hood my vnmand bloud baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſt ie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black-browd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when hee ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my *Nurſe*:

Enter Nurſe *with cords.*

And ſhee brings newes and euery tongue that ſpeakes
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now *Nurſe*, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iuliet. Ay me, what newes? why doſt thou wring thy hands:
Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
A lacke the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious.
Nur. *Romeo* can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iu. What diuell art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I,
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo,

Nur.